

The lamentable fall of Queene Elnor, vvho for her pride and vvickednesse, by Gods
Iudgment, funke into the ground at Charing crosse, and rose vp againe at Queene hiue.
To the tune of, Gentle and Curteous.

When Edward was in England King Deuised soone by pollicie
the first of all that name:
Proud Elnor he made his Queene,
a statelie Spanish dame.
Whose wicked life and sinfull pryde,
through England did excell:
To daintie Dames and gallant Paines
this Queene was knowne full well.

She was the first that did inuent
in Coaches hane to ride:
She was the first that brought this land
the deadly sinne of pryde.
No English Taylors here could serue
to make her rich attire:
But sent for Taylors into Spaine,
to serue her vaine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new
with golden garments bright:
The Farthingales, and mighty Ruffes,
rich Gownes of rare delight.

Dames in Spanish pryde,
every where,
the Women then,
of haire.

made a wife,
Spaine:
ploys then,
despise,

english-men
scarcely clad, as Spaniards were,
and Spaniards then.

he crow'd the King that every man
that wore long lockes of haire,
might then be cut and powdered all,
or shauen very neare.
Whereat the King did seeme content,
and soone thereto agreed:
And first commanded that his owne,
should then be cut with speed.

And after that to please his Queene,
proclaymed through the land,
That every man that wore long haire,
should powle him out of hand.
But this Spaniard not content,
when hee a sight
requested of the King
all law and right:

man-kind should haue,
cut away:
burning Irons fear'd,
much and stay,
then perceiving well
man-kind,

to turne her bloody minde.

He sent for burning Irons straight,
all sparkling hot to see:
And sayd, O Queene, come on thy way
I will begin with thee.
Which wordes did much displease the
that penance to begin: (Queene
But aske him pardon on her knees,
who gaue her grace therein:

But afterward she chaunst to passe
along by aue London streetes:
Whereas the Maior of Londons wife,
in statelie soie she meetes.
With musike, mirth, and melodie,
vnto the Church that went:
To giue God thanks that to L. Maior
a noble Sonne had sent.

He grieved much this spitefull Queene
to see that any one
should so excede in mirth and toy,
except her selfe alone:
For which she after did deuise,
within her bloody minde,
And practisde still most secretly
to kill the Lady kinde.

Vnto Lord Maior of London then
he sent her letters straight:
To send his Lady to the Court,
vpon her Grace to waight.
But when the London Lady came,
before proude Elnors face:
She stript her from her rich array,
and kept her vile and bare.

She sent her into Tiales with speed,
and kept her secret there:
And vnder her still more crueller
then euer man did beare:
He made her wash, he made her statch
he made her wodge alway:
She made her nurse by children small,
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queene,
but shew'd her more despight:
She bound this Lady to a post
at twelue a clocke at nyght:
And as poore Lady she stood bound
the Queene in angrie mood,
Did set two Snakes vnto her breasts,
that sucked away her blood.

Thus died the Maior of Londons wife
most greivous for to beare: (proud
Which made the Spaniard grow more

as after shall appere.

The Wheate that dayly made her bread
was boulded twentie times,
The food that fed this stately Dame,
was boyde in colly wines.

The water that did spring from ground
she would not touch at all,
But wash her handes with dew of hea-
that on sweete Roses fall: (uen,
She bath'd her body many times,
in fountaines silbe with milke,
And euery day did change attire,
in colly median silke.

But coming then to London backe,
within her Coach of golde:
A tempest strange within the skies,
this Queene did there behold.
Out of which storme she could not goe,
but therewas remain'd a space,
four horse could not stirre her coach
a foote out of that place.

A iudgement surely sent from heauen
for the doing guiltlesse blood,
Vpon this sinfull Queene that steepe
the London Lady good:
King Edward then, as wisdome wold
accuse her for that deed:
But she denied and said that God
would send his iudgment with speed.

If that vpon so vile a thing,
her hart did euer thinke,
She wist the ground might open vnto
and therein she might sinke:
Which that at Charing crosse she sunk
into the ground a hie,
And after rose with life againe
in London at Queene hiue.

Where after that she languishde soe
full twentie dayes in paine:
At last confest the Ladies blood,
her guiltie handes did staine.
And likewise told that by a fyer
she had a base boyne child,
Whose sinfull lust and wickednes
her marriage bed defild.

Thus haue you heard the fall of pryde;
a iust reward of sinne:
For those that wil forsweare the feild
Gods vengeance dayly winne.
Beware of Pryde you London dames,
both wiues and maydens all,
Beare this imprinted in your minde,
that Pryde will haue a fall,
FINIS.

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